

THE POST.

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AT LEBANON, KY.
BY W. W. JACK.

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Post's Corner.



For the Post.

Stanzas.

Cease my heart, oh! cease thy longing
Towards joys thou shouldst not love;
But oh! turn where joys are thronging,
Ever round thy home above.

Cease my heart, oh! cease thy beatings,
All of earth must know decay;
Mourn not rainbow glories fleeting,
Which but charm, then fade away.

Cease my heart, oh! cease thy dreaming,
Visions fled, may not return;
Love not, love not, things but seeming,
Which a manly heart should spurn.

Cease my heart, oh! cease thy shrinking
From the cares thou wouldstst ally;
Up! though fortune's tide be sinking,
Thrice loved treasures bear away.

PROFAGANDA, ROME, 1834.

Communicated.

For the Post.

What is the Cause of the War Between Russia and Turkey?

They are fighting about religion, or we should rather say, for the want of it, which is true of all sorts of fighting. It is estimated that there are about twelve millions belonging to the Greek Church, living within the dominion of the Sultan. Now, the Greek Church, is the national religion of Russia; Nicholas, Czar of Russia, desires to throw his wing of protection over those subjects of the Sultan, who are members of the Greek Church. But the Sultan is in favor of every hen setting on her own eggs and covering her own brood. And when the Czar thought to take this right from him,—this caused the old Turkey to raise her feathers for a fight. The Porte had already guaranteed to Russia that the rights of the Greek Christians should be respected. Russia has never pretended that these assurances have not been complied with. The Sultan did what he promised to do. But still, Mr. Nicholas is not satisfied. To help Turkey out of the difficulty, England and France proposed to her, to extend the same offer (of protection) to the great Christian Powers including Russia.—To this Russia objected—Russia wanted no body to have a finger in the pie but herself—though, if she don't mind she may get the fingers of old Mrs. France and Mrs. England in her hair and eyes, for her impudent temper. Russia, however, contends that this is a matter with which no body else has any right to meddle but herself, as she is the head and mistress of the Oriental Church; she claims the exclusive right to protect those of her own faith, wherever found. But these other old ladies, think it is enough for Russia, that her religion (and precious little I am afraid the old lady has got,) is tolerated and protected by the Porte.—But Russia thinks differently, and insists upon her rights. And so, at it they go. Who is in the right, events will determine; for "might gives right." This is the answer to "the Eastern question."

But if we would find one true secret of this difficulty, we must look back of all this. The Russians have for a long time, harbored revenge against Turkey, because the Greek Church suffered terribly, and for a long time, under the oppressive tyranny of the Tartars; who, led on by Tamarlane and others, laid waste the fairest portion of Russia, and took and held possession of the three Capitals,—Kieff, Kazan, and Moscow. Hence the Russians, those especially whose affinities are for the Greek Church, think that it will be the fulfilling of their high calling of heaven to exterminate every Mohammedan from the face of the earth. Here lies the core of the matter. Russia frowns upon all efforts at a compromise. Turkey has tried to avoid the fight, because she knew that, so weak and timid a fowl as she, is no match for the ferocious strength of the Polar Bear. But Russia has been all the while trying to provoke a difficulty, like the wolf did, in the fable, with the lamb, who tried, in the fable, that he might, in the second place, have good reason to pick his bones. If they get fairly at it, there is no telling what the end will be. But it will require no prophet to tell us that if France and England pitch into the arena, that it will make bloody work of it.

S. E. D.

SENTRY SIDE.

For the Post.

Window Musings.

Ruin, rain,—patter, patter.—Nothing is to be heard but the eternal and noisy drop of the eaves, and the cheerful hum of the water falling on our weather-beaten roofs, as if the gods in their realms up o'er-head were trying to impress upon our minds some neglected lesson of divine import; or Neptune dispatched a courier, soliciting a supply of funds, to replenish his heaving domain of water. Winds, rain and storms; day and night. I would

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like to know if it was March, or in any weather kin to it, when that wonder of the gaping world ascended the capped heights of Jura. "precipitously steep," and recorded the loveliness of the "storms and darkness;—when he smelt that "evening fragrance from the shore, of flowers yet fresh with childhood." If such had been the case, I'll wager he would have thrown down his pen, with as much disgust as St. Peter did, on having his page besmeared "at the crowning carnage of Waterloo."—"Skies like milk thrown out of a pail!" more like coal thrown out of the shovel of the gods; if not, I am no meteorologist.

"Dull times," draws out some six-penny merchant, with the self important air of a millionaire, as if he would have us believe his business is really retarded by the inclemency of the skies; broaching himself up to his old rickety counting desk, where are strown profusely sundry ledgers, journals, cashbooks, credits and contras, old steel pens &c. "Not much doing to-day,"—his eye half opened, and gazing intently, as if a diamond was on the tip end of his nose, or the whole profit of his stock of goods was lingering in the blue tiles of smoke ascending from his "wet day cigar." "Bad day," soliloquizes his clerk as he turns from his blotter to the mirror, fixing his "latest style collar," tying his cravat in a flaunting knot, as if it had been blown there by the hand of some ingenious breeze; meanwhile striking down his beardless chin with as much gravity as an English Admiral going into battle; whereas yet a rough unevenness has not been detected. Now admiring the fit of his snipe-tight pants, and his last-cut, Broadway, ball-room coat. I see into it now,—makes their swarthy constellations merge graceful by such conglomeration of atmosphere in the swing.

What a strange thing a man's head is such a day as this. What a medley of ill-humors, petulant whims, don't-care-a-fog o'les, rolls over in a mortal's noggin. Glorious for editors, ain't it? Won't be eternally aroused from that old cushioned chair, and that famous green baized table, by the jangle of that ceaseless clapper, announcing "men of business."

What a great day to make an obliteration of the effusions of those pebble hunters by the enchanted stream of Pica.—Old Franklin Stove will be well fed to-day, certain. What a pile of crippled addresses, bandy-legged productions, spasmodic poetry.—What a pity.—The children of nature's "gray goose quill" to be treated in this manner, "and yet why mourn that this is destiny?"

W. J. L.

Abbeywood, Near Greensburg, Ky,

March, 1754.

Select Tales.

Sir, A Secret Most Important.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"I'll tell you what it is Burley, I've no business here."
"I came for business you for pleasure."
"True, but it was for a day and you have made a week of it. Here I am twenty-five miles from the city."
"An awful distance, truly that you may accomplish by Railroad in forty-five minutes."
"Yes, but I might as well be with the Khan of Tartary, as here inasmuch as nobody at home knows of my visit to this city of spindles."
"We will be back to-day, this hour if you like."
"This hour, if at all,"—and in a short time we were shooting over the Lowell and Boston Railroad. It was the last trip for the day, and when we reached the city it was nearly or quite dark. Baggage I had none so refused the importunities of a score of hackney coachmen and footed it up to Leverett street.

"Very mysterious," I overheard a knot of men say at the corner Barter Street.

"About twenty-five years of age," said one of the group at the corner of Vernon street.

"Just my age, exactly," said I to myself.

"The body was found in the water yesterday," said another.

"Indeed and they know it was he?"

"Yes by his clothing; his face was so disfigured that his friends could not recognize it."

"Another case of suicide," thought I.

"Well I shall know all about it when I get home," but I stopped again before a store in Green Street where a man was reading aloud from an evening paper, a paragraph about the suicide, the name I did not hear.

"A young man of respectful connections retired and modest to timidity in his manners irreproachable private character. No possible reason except temporary insanity can be assigned for the deed. He has left a wife and two children."

"Poor fellow," I sighed and pushed on. Let me see the tenth hour passed and my help mate thought a very good woman in her way will not fail to give me a pretty affectionate bit of a lecture for my week's indulgence of a truant disposition. Bitter though such a visitation may be, it is no provocation of appetite and I took the pro-

caution to drop into an eating saloon thus to take my wife's lecture upon a full stomach. The curtain drawn upon me I was too busy for a few moments to notice any thing out of the four-foot square box in which I was discussing a pretty substantial supper. Presently appetite somewhat appeased, I became less occupied in creature comfort involuntarily listened to the conversation of two persons from whom I was divided by a low partition.

"He must have been intemperate."

"No he was not."

"In debt then."

"No I was well acquainted with him."

I knew that voice but could not recollect immediately whose it was. He proceeded.

"I was well acquainted with him. He was remarkably economical—prudent to a fault, yet very benevolent—actually sensible to the sufferings of the unfortunate about him—very sensitive—yearning for sympathy in his sombre moods, and always anxious to impart his pleasures to those about him. He would deny a friend or even a mere acquaintance nothing."

"My picture, to the life," thought I. I nibbled the last bit of flesh on a drum stick, "hope my good feelings will never leave me to suicide."

Paid my scat and exit, just as the eulogist of the dead emerged from his cell.

When I reached — street, a crowd was turning into it. I joined the tail of the throng and hearing discourse upon a universal topic the suicide, wondered which of my neighbors it was and wished I had stayed at Lowell until at least "seven of the nine days of wonder," had passed away. "But," thought I, "out of evil good may come—and upon the whole I am glad he lived in this street. My wife from the circumstances, may be acquainted with his family and there will of course be a diversion of her attention from my delinquencies. Wonder if she has heard of it? If not, such a delightful, interesting and authentic piece of news will be an excellent peace offering." So thinking I turned down court—made circuit, and reached my door before the crowd. Took out my key entered the hall and put my hand upon the sitting-room door, which stood an inch ajar. Unusual noises there made me hesitate.

"Will they bring him home to-night?" sobbed my rib—and she burst into a fit of outrageous weeping which would have prevented the possibility of her hearing had a reply been attempted—and all the woman of whom I supposed there must have been a dozen at least accompanied her, but in a more dutiful regulated and accomplished pitch.

"Her old hysterics again," thought I. "Hang it but she's so compassionate—she could hardly weep with a better relish for myself. A rap at the outer door—and as I looked out at the side lights I saw the whole posess of charitable neighbors idlers and others who upon any mournful occasion, crowd themselves forward solely because they think none at such a time will have the nerve to kick them back—One of them brushed by to open the door—in walked a clergyman as pioneer, then there was a rush of some half dozen of the crowd, then came the coffin. I stopped for no word, but bolted for the kitchen stairs. At the head stood the only member of my kitchen cabinet—a dusky wench who, the moment I came near enough for the lamp she held to fall upon my features set up a howl and rolled down the flight backward. She had hardly touched when she bounced up again and made her escape at a back window taking the sash with her, to be sure I suppose for an aperture to creep in at her return.

I began to have my misgiving, and sat down in the kitchen to consult myself how to act in the dilemma. A man ascended the stairs.

"Can you tell me, sir, whose body they have brought to this house?"

"Yes, it will kill his wife—takes on shockingly."

"But who was he?"

"Who?"

"Yes! who?"

"Beautiful family—piety it was broken up."

"Will you tell me who is the drowned man or not?"

"Why don't you know?"

I caught up the tongs.

"It is Mr. Albert Easy—and I expect I'll have to make a coffin for his wife too, poor woman."

"Upon my honor my friends have done well to draw and make preparations to bury me without my knowledge."

Through the Reverend Parson, my wife apprised of my actual existence, the coffin and the corpse to the contrary, notwithstanding; through the care of the physician she escaped death from the surprise, and through the grief I had caused her and the joy sequent on its removal, I escaped upbraiding. The clothes which the defunct wore were once mine, that was a fact, but I made him a present of them but a week before, without my wife's knowledge, for in all such proposals, I found it safe to consider her my left hand and to obey the scripture injunction, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth. The corp removed to the city building,

I hastened to find Burley, details the whole affair, and ended by telling him I held him guilty.

"How?"

"You persuaded me off and would not even hear of my notifying my family of my journey."

"I expected to return the same day, but young man, I shall for what you have suffered in your own person and that of your wife you twin bring of one flesh amply compensate you."

"I won't hear of such a thing."

"Yes but you will it costs me nothing, and will vastly benefit you. I shall impart to you a secret."

"During my acquaintance with you, I have discovered your entire ignorance of one of the most simple but useful things in the world; nay it is indispensable to prosperity and would have saved you the whole of your late vexation if put in exercise when I ask you to leave the city unprepared."

"Well and what is it?"

"The monosyllable—NO, oftener necessary for your friends than your enemies. The latter knowing and suspecting that you know the relations in which you mutually stand, seldom give the opportunity to deny them anything; but friends do every day. Stop and sup with me and—"

"No."

A Jacob in Search of a Father.

Some twenty-eight years ago, a thin, middle-aged man lived in our city, and carried on a little saddle and harness shop at the head of Main street, or about where now stands the new court house. He was an Englishman by birth and George Toucy was his name. He had one daughter and two sons; his wife was dead and his daughter kept house. About the close of the year of 1828, Toucy's eldest son, then some sixteen years of age, went off, and never more returned to his father. The old man bitterly lamented the mysterious disappearance of his favorite child, but time, that great soother and leveler, at length brought calm resignation to the old man's troubles and the son was numbered with things of the past. In 1836, Toucy received a letter from England, informing him that, by the death of a relative, he was heir to some twelve thousand pounds, in tangible property, and that to obtain it, his presence was required, at once to claim his right. Toucy lost no time in settling up his affairs, and with bag and baggage, his son and daughter, he set sail for Europe.

About three years ago, a stalwart, uncouth man, came to this city and put up at the Broadway Hotel. He hailed from Mexico, spoke good Spanish, and appeared to be munificently supplied with funds. His object in visiting the city, he informed sundry persons, was to find his father, sister and brother. But time had worked wonders, the house he had lived in was no longer to be seen, there was not in the whole neighborhood a soul that knew him or that he knew. In fact, strange as it may seem, himself and father, brother and sister were entirely forgotten. Accident developed one, and one person only, who knew the stranger, and that was an aged negro, formerly a wash-woman for the Toucys. From the old woman Toucy learned that his "people had gone away off some what," and there the case rested.

Having often heard his father say that if he should ever get rich enough to buy a fine farm in Tennessee there he would go. Acting upon the hint that possibly his people had gone there, Toucy took passage for Nashville, and travelled nearly all over the State, in vain search for his father. He gave up the search and returned to Mexico, where he had stayed in his youth, and deferred from time to time returning, or even writing home, and after a series of years he had made a fortune. About fifteen months since, old man Toucy, having outlived his son and daughter, had a presentiment that his lost son had returned and lived in Cincinnati, and so he again crossed the Atlantic, arrived in this city, and began his fruitless search. During his brief visit to Cincinnati, the younger Toucy had partially formed an acquaintance with a young lady, niece of one of our late distinguished citizens. A correspondence had ensued and a much warmer regard than mere acquaintanceship, ripened between them. Suddenly, the correspondence ceased; Toucy dreamed that certain relatives of the lady had discovered the correspondence, and deprecating it, had cut it off, much to the misery and against the wishes of the lady, and that by a visit to Cincinnati he should gain a bride and once more see his father. The journey was forthwith began, and ended precisely as predicted. In passing from the mail boat to the hotel, an old man approached the traveler, he paused, one steadfast gaze, a hurried forward movement, one exclamation.

"By heavens! My father!"

"My son!"

Father and son were locked in each other's arms, amid quite a crowd of surprised lookers-on. In three days time, Toucy was en route, a happy man, with bride and long lost father, for his home in Mexico. There is no particular moral to this item; but its truth and simple interest induce us to make a note of it.—Cincinnati.

Miscellaneous.

A MATHEMATICAL PRODIGY.—We Saturday saw a young man about 18 years of age, who possesses the faculty of calculation and combination in numbers to a wonderful degree. His education has been exceedingly limited, having been only about a month at school, yet his innate sense (for we can call it by no other name) of numbers is most remarkable. The most difficult problems are solved by him instantly, and the result given without any calculation apparently on his part. From what we have seen of him, we venture to predict that there is not a combination in numbers that he is not able to give the result of, almost as soon as the question is announced. It is one of those wonderful mental phenomena that are inexplicable, and we would advise the curious to try him. His name is Meredith Holland, and he is from Monroe county, Ky. This youth is afflicted, and is deserving the sympathy and material aid of those who choose to test his wonderful powers. His levees are generally in the street.—St. Louis Republican.

Dignified Reproof.

A brief, dignified reproof, is often far more effectual than whole pages of precepts. The records of history furnish us with numerous examples in illustration of this axiom. I need not quote the instance of Canute's reproof to his courtiers, which must doubtless be quite familiar to every class of readers. The following anecdote is, probably, not so universally known.

A situation of some responsibility under the Persian government, being vacant, the Shah desired his chief minister would recommend a competent person to fill it. The minister mentioned the name of one whose abilities he thought suitable to the office.

"The man you mention," answered the Emperor, "is a Jew, and, of course, by our laws, ineligible to the situation."

"He was, please your majesty, but has lately embraced our faith, and may, therefore, be employed."

"Speak of him no more," was the reply.

"He who has been false to his God, will never prove true to his sovereign."

Young America.

"Robert," said an indulgent mother to a youngster of nine, who was amusing himself in the corner with pulling the tail of a respectable tabby-cat who with the utmost force of feline lungs was expressing her indignation at such "unfeeling treatment; "Robert, what would you like to have me buy you for a New Year's present? shall it be a top?"

"A top? No, I'm too old for tops," was the reply.

"Then perhaps you would like a sled or a pair of skates?"

"No, I don't want them."

"Shall I get you how and arrows, or a picture book, or what would you like best?"

"Old lady," said Robert, rising with dignity, "respect the feelings of a gentleman and do not aggravate me farther; keep your bows and arrows and picture books for them that like 'em. If you want to know what I would like, I will tell you—*about cigars and a shawl!*"

His mother frowned with surprise, and when she recovered expressed the conviction that Robert was the forwardest boy of his age she knew of, and she was quite sure he would make a great orator some of these days. She thought proper to deny him the cigars, but as for the shawl—perhaps you have seen a figure of three feet or under, promenading Broadway or Chestnut street within the past week, closely muffled in a thick grey shawl.—Well, that's Robert.

REVIVING.—A raftman who had drank a little too freely, fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother seized him by the hair, but the current was strong, and the brother's strength being nearly exhausted, he was about relinquishing his hold, when despairing, the drowning one raised his head above the water and said:

"Hang on, Sam, hang on—I'll treat—I swear I will."

His words were stimulating and the other at length saved him.

Few that have attained longevity have passed a life of celibacy; indeed many of those whose lives are quoted have been married often—and it is curious that in many instances the man and wife have died within a very short time of each other; thus showing, that whilst in all probability the mode of life adopted was conducive to health, the pleasures domesticity and companionship were not less so.

The French papers speak of the new Parisian dish, fried rattlesnakes, as a novelty of their own invention. It is not. In the old Florida war "our men" discovered that rattlesnakes were good to eat, and used to cook them as a pleasing change, after salt horse and hard biscuit. We have been assured by one who served in that war, that the flesh of rattlesnakes is delicious in the extreme surpassing even that of the frog, both in flavor and delicacy of texture.

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, 75
For each subsequent insertion, 25
For half column 6 months, \$14
" " " 12 months, 18
For whole column 6 months, 18
" " " 12 months, 25

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of lines for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Official.

In the following illustration of a printing office dialogue, there is decidedly more truth than poetry:

Foreman—You fellow with the red hair, what you are at now?

Compositor—I'm setting "A House on Fire,"—most done.

Foreman—What's Smith about?

Compositor—He's engaged on a "Horrible Murder!"

Foreman—Finish it as quick as possible, and help Morse through with his telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up?

Bob—"A Panic in the Money Market."

Foreman—Jim, what are you distributing?

Jim—"Prizes in Perham's Gift Enterprise."

Foreman—Stop that, and take hold of this "Runaway Horse." Slocum, what in thunder have you been about this last half hour?

Slocum—Justifying the "Compromise Measures, which my 'Sub' set."

Foreman—You chap on the stool what are you on?

Compositor—On the "Table" you gave me.

Foreman—Lay it on the table for the present—have no room for it.

Compositor—How about these "Municipal Candidates?"

Foreman—Run 'em in. What did you say Slocum?

Slocum—Shall I "lead" these "Men of Boston?"

Foreman—No, they are "solid" of course.

Compositor—Do you want a "full-faced head" to "Jenny Lind's Family?"

Foreman—No such things go in "small caps." John, have you got up that "Capital Joke?"

John—No, sir; I'm "out of sorts."

Foreman—Well, throw in this "Million of California Gold," and when you get tho' with it, I'll give you some more. Wilson, have you finished the "Coalition?"

Wilson—Yes, sir; the "Coalition" is "all up."

Editor—What do you want, now?

Devil—More copy, sir.

Editor—Have you completed the "Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?"

Devil—Yes, sir; and I've got up a "Warm winter."

Scissors—Here, take this "Official," and be off.—Exit Devil, with a "fat take."

A lady, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Jenny Lind, being told that she had married an Ottoman, went seriously to work to prove the slander. He was not a Turk, nor a sofa, nor an Ottoman in any shape. "But, his name is Otto," interrupted her tormentor, "and the world gives him credit for being a man; and of course then he is an Otto-man."

A sailor being about to sail for India a citizen asked where his father died?

"In shipwreck."

"And where did your grandfather die?"

"As he was fishing a storm arose, and he with his companions, perished."

"And your great grandfather?"

"He, also, perished from shipwreck."

"Then, if I were you, I would never go to sea."

"Pray, my Philosopher, where did your grandfather die?"

"My father, grandfather, and great grandfather died in bed."

"Then, if I were you, I would never go to bed."

A starving man, who had committed a theft was asked by a pious person if his conscience had not cried out to him, "Forbear."

"Alas," replied he, "if it did, the cries of my stomach woud be much louder, that they prevented me from hearing those of my conscience."

A man wantonly buckled a spur about the ankle of an Irishman, whose leg hung out of the bed. On discovering his situation, Pat complained bitterly that the boot jack boy had taken off his boot, and let the spur remain.

"I'll give you a piece of my mind!" exclaimed a violent virago to her simper-ton of a husband.

"Then you'll rob me of my piece of mind," returned her pitiful hen-pecked husband.

A western paper, speaking of a man who died in the most abject poverty and neglect, said that "he died without the aid of a physician."

"Cesar" what am become ob dat darky who stole de tallo?" "He has been taken up on an after-dinner and carried up to de Spem Court to have it 'judicated.' "On an after-dinner. Cesar?" "Yes, I seed de handle myself, I did."

In a late abolition speech in New York Miss Lucy Stone said:</



THE POST.

LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning Mar. 22, 1854

We are authorized to announce ANTHONY WALSTON, as a candidate for the office of Assessor, for Marion co., at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce HENRY H. HUGHES, as a candidate for the office of County Clerk at the ensuing August Election.

WM. MILBURN will consent to run as a candidate for Jailor of this County he will be supported by MANY VOTERS.

Anecdotes of the Flood.

It will be remembered by the traveler through Frederickstown, that there is a lovely new brick dwelling on the southern side of the road at the extremity of the town near the river. This mansion belongs to our bachelor friend, Mr. Connor. It is said that, during the height of the flood, when the water was in his first floor, which, he it remembered, is elevated some four or six feet; Mr. Samuel Fowler, swam and waded his horse to the rescue of Mr. C., who was the sole inhabitant, all the others having fled at the approach of the water. With much difficulty and a complete soaking he succeeded in getting into the house, and upon ascending to the upper story he beheld our friend, very calmly and composedly seated by the fire. "Come, Mr. Connor," said Mr. F., "be quick! The water's rising very fast, and we won't be able to make dry land if you don't be in a hurry!" "Oh! this is a first rate place; and I don't believe there will be much of a flood any way," replied our urbane friend.

"But, you must go, it won't do for you to remain here," urged the excited and alarmed Fowler.

Connor looked up with one of those peculiar smiles of his, which need only to be seen once to be remembered, and said: "Look here, Fowler, this flood is a mighty fine thing—it will drown all the d—d rats out here."

Fowler left him.

At the junction of Harlins Creek with the Beech Fork, there lives our old friend Ben. Wight. He suffered considerably. He has a grist mill, and also a saw mill, both were inundated. The saw mill was moved some six feet from its foundation, and a large amount of "stocks" and saved lumber, were taken off by the water. In basement of the grist mill, there were a number of sacks of meal. On the approach of the water, these sacks were removed to the floor above; but so rapid was the rise, they had again to be removed and deposited in the loft; and after all the water caught them, and spoiled the bottom sacks. He informed us that about six miles of his fencing was swept away. About 9 inches of soil has been deposited upon one of his fields, together with a vast amount of drift wood.

On the opposite side of the river the Lavee has been immense, the water having not only taken fencing away, but likewise a great deal of the soil, and leaving in many places huge piles of drift-wood. There lodged upon one man's land by the name of Nawl a very large amount of valuable lumber, together with rails, sufficient, it is supposed, to fence in two large farms.

We have received the second number of the Literary Journal, edited by ELLA WESTWORTH. This sheet is a decided addition to the Literary world; being well edited, and well got up in all particulars. Any one wishing to see a paper surpassing all others, in neatness and talent, well worthy the source from whence it emanates, can do so by calling at our office. If they like the paper as well as we do, they can have it by leaving \$2 with us, and we will at once place ourselves in epistolary correspondence with Miss Ella, with the greatest pleasure.

We understand that on Friday last two brothers, Crawford by name, living near Haysville, in this county, got into a difficulty. One of them shot the other. The wounds are not considered dangerous. We have heard no farther particulars.

The Lebanon Band departed to-day, on their way to Springfield and Paducah, to New Haven, to discourse music to the citizens of that portion of old Nelson. They were on a "Lightning Train," and from the velocity with which they traveled we think they'll make a great deal of it.

Joe's Visit to Louisville.

"Did I ever tell you about me and brother Loshe, goin' to Louisville? Well, we got down to Louisville about dark; we didn't get to Louisville nuthin, but we got to a big brick house, way this side of thar; a mighty fine man lived thar; he was named Yonce, I believe.

That night I didn't eat anythin' at all; cause I didn't know what the feller was goin' to charge me—uh! uh! I want such a fool, but brother Loshe, he set down an eat like a hog. Well, next mornin' when I got up, I was so darned hungry, I tho't I could eat my boots; so I didn't care a cuss for expenses, and I set down to the table, and may-be I didn't make the hot biscuits and coffee fly—you might bet I didn't do anythin' else. Now what you s'pose that feller charged us for breakfast? You can't guess, so I'll tell you;—two ninnepence—not ninnepence a piece, but a flat quarter apiece. Well we got out of that mighty quick.

By-mo-by we got to Louisville—and it's a mighty big town, I tell you! I thought we would never get to any stoppin place. Presently I heard somethin' holler out, as if all the jigs in creation had their heads under a fence and they all squealin' at once—"Lod! brother Loshe," I said, "what are they?—let's go home."

"Come on you fool," said he, "that's nothin' but the ingens whistlin'."

"They ain't got real wild ingens here, and do they whistle that a way? They'll sculp us and kill us! Do let's go home!"

"O! come along, fool, you're green."

"I'm as white as you are, but I'm afraid to go where you do."

By-me we cum to a wagon yard, at least brother Loshe said it was, but I didn't see any wagons. We stopped thar, we did; for I knowed if they charged so much, way out in the country at big brick taverns, they would clean a feller right out at one of them great big ones, and then kick him out for not havin' more.

Me an brother Loshe, walked down town, and I never did see such a lot of people; it was just like Lebanon was when Barnum's show was here. I declare I every minute expected to be run over an killed, and I kept a lookin' round the corners, expectin' every minute to see them ingens, what brother Loshe told me about. Brother Loshe, he told me of I didn't quit starin' around, I'd fall down in a cellar and break my neck; but I knowed I want such a fool as to do that.

By-me-by, I seed a man come along on a great big barrel on a cart; and after he passed, I seed the water what war in the big barrel, a runnin' out like blazes behind. Ses I, "Look here stranger, you're a look in all your water!" "Go to h—!" said he, and all the people around, they commenced laughin' like a set of darned fools. I got so mad that everythin' turned blue, but I want such a fool as to kick up a fuss among all them strangers, but of they had a few of 'em been down on the Lagoon, me an brother Loshe would have worked 'em in short harness.

There is a great big creek runnin' by the town, an me an brother Loshe went down to it. Presently I seed a great big house a cavin down the creek, somethin' war a splashin like fury at each side of it and the stovepipes what stuck out of the roof were a smokin' as of the house war all on fire. It come a drifun down, right plun at the place where me an brother Loshe war a standin'. Says I, "brother Loshe, lets run!" but do you think he'd do it? Says I, "brother Loshe let's run, that house'll run right smack over us!" But thar the darned fool stood, but I was a darned sight too smart to stand there and be run over; so I run. When I got up the bank, I looked back, and thar stood brother Loshe and a whole lot of other fellers, a laughin' at somethin' or another. I hollered to brother Loshe to come away, and the more I hollered, the more they kept on a laughin', like a set of darned fools. Presently the big house come bump up agin the bank, right by brother Loshe; and ef it hadn't a been for the bank it would a run right smack over him. (Gminy!) I was so skeerek, I like to cried. I tell you, I didn't stay long in that town after that.

During the rains of the "rainy week," there was a singular occurrence took place near Frederickstown, Washington County, Ky., so we are informed.—A veteran Beech tree, which had for ages flourished in its elevated bed in the precipitous side of the frowning hill which starts up on this side of Frederickstown, and whose sylvan-elad summit points far above the traveler's head as he winds his way along its base; became disengaged by the sweeping flood which dashed impetuously by, and with a sound resembling the distant reverberations of heaven's artillery, down it swept. Still retaining its perpendicular, as it rushed in its resistless course, bearing rocks, young trees, and whatever else that stood in the track of its mad career; and darting across the road, where it now stands as an evidence of one of nature's freaks, still embedded in its native soil.

There was immense land-slides occurred near this spot; which completely embedded the turnpike. Cuts were made through them, for the passage of vehicles, leaving hundreds of wagon-loads of dirt, stone and rubbish on the sides of the road.

Tinsell Quarrels, of Pulaski has

been engaged sometime in writing a book, the title of which will be "The Incidents of the Mountains." The book will contain a sketch of the distinguished individuals, who have been prominent and active in the varied pursuits for the past fifty years and particularly in the last twelve. This work will give a history of the first settlement of Kentucky, together with many other things of interest to the Kentucky reader. Mr. Quarrels was an officer in the U. S. Army in the war of 1812; and whilst directing some work upon the entrenchments previous to one of the Northern battles, a tree fell upon him; rendering him a cripple for life. He is in need of funds to eke out the remnant of a well-spent life, and seeming to receive that in charity, for which he can return an honest equivalent, offers this book to the consideration of the well known kind-heartedness of his fellow citizens. In consequence of his stunted means, half of the subscription money will be required in advance in order to secure its publication. The price of the book is \$1.50 c. in advance and 50 c. on the reception of the work. We have a prospectus, at our office, and would be glad to be able to send the war-worn veteran, who fought, and bled, and suffered, for the blessings which we now enjoy; a round number of subscribers, from this, the most glorious, the most philanthropic, and the most generous, County in this our own Kentucky.

There was a severe hail-storm occurred in this place on Wednesday last. It occurred whilst the railroad meeting was going on in the Court House. Seventy-eight lights were broken out of the western windows of the Catholic Church; sixty or seventy in the windows of Dr. Fleece; a large number in the windows of the Sely House, Court House, and Female School. Private residences, where the windows faced the West—from which direction the wind blew—were more or less damaged according to position. The storm lasted but from three to five minutes.

For a staid, solemn and generally well behaved, little river, and one, withal, bearing a Scriptural name, like our "Jordan," it is astonishing that it will get so "high," every time it gets a little "flush."

On account of the continued irregularity of the mail we are again unable to give the Louisville markets. We received no Dailys, by Monday's mail.

The Abbot and one of the Clergymen of the Latarippe Monastery, near New Haven, are now in our county soliciting pecuniary aid in building a church at their institution. This, we understand is much needed, as in good weather, when the congregation are all able to attend, Divine Service has to be performed in the open air, their chapel not being sufficiently capacious. The Rev. Mr. Dupareq, will receive the contributions of those who are not personally called on by the Revd. Gentlemen.

SEIZURE OF THE BLACK WARRIOR.—A

Washington letter says: The excitement here in relation to the recent outrage perpetrated by the Spanish authorities in Cuba, in the detention of the steamer Black Warrior, is on the increase. It is understood that the President, Mr. Marcy, and Mr. Cushing entirely approve of the proposition contained in the resolution offered in the House by Mr. Dean. Mr. Davis will also probably unite with the other members of the Cabinet in this opinion. Cuba patriots here rejoice at the prospect which is presented of an opportunity to enable them to sweep away the Spanish power in Cuba, and to establish a liberal government there. The suspension of neutrality laws, proposed by the resolution of Mr. Dean is not without precedent. England has pursued a like course on several occasions, among others during the first revolution in Mexico and during the South American revolution. Indeed, the precedents are numerous.

It is said that Mr. Crampton has been endeavoring to pour oil on the troubled waters by offering to Mr. Marcy to guarantee full satisfaction for the detention of the Black Warrior, and the return of her cargo. The Secretary of State will hardly entertain this proposition. He is now thoroughly exasperated by the repeated violation of the rights of American citizens by the Cuban authorities, and evinces a determination to make such steps as will secure us against such outrages in future.

Destructive Fire at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, March 16, M.—A destructive fire broke out Thursday at ten o'clock on the corner of Natchez and Magazine streets in the business portion of the city. The flames raged for four hours, and destroyed the following buildings: T. H. Perry, furnishing store; Delgrave, linendraper; A. L. Addison & Field, commission merchants; Price, Walsh & Co. and C. & O. Tate, both tobacco dealers on Magazine; Sykes & Co. Murphy and Nevins, auctioneers. The canal bank was severely scorched but saved. The loss is \$360,000 to \$380,000, mostly insured, including about \$40,000 in home offices, and \$20,000 in the San Mutual.—Daniel Woodruff, President of the firemen's Benevolent Association was killed by the falling of a wall.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.



ARRIVAL OF THE FRANKLIN.

NEW YORK, March 16.—The Franklin has arrived from Harve with the dates to the 28th.

The ice in the Baltic has broken up, and the Russian fleet at Constat is ready to sail.

It is rumored that the Czar has laid embargo on British shipping in Russian ports.

The Russians are making preparations to cross the Danube.

There is nothing new from Asia.

British ships have been ordered to Teraul to suppress the Greek insurrection.

Austria threatens the occupation of Bosnia and Servia.

There was a panic at the Vienna Bourse in consequence of the Czar's reply to the Napoleon letter, which has been published.

He says, in conclusion, that the conditions made known to the Conference of Vienna are the sole base upon which he will consent to treat.

Austria has finally decided in conjunction with Western powers, to summon Russia to evacuate the principalities by the 30th of April, and, if necessary, to use force to compel it.

Russia is still intriguing with Sweden.

ARRIVAL OF THE ARABIA.

HALIFAX—March 16.—The Steamer Arabia has arrived with Liverpool dates to the 4th, being one week later.

VIENNA—February 22.—The movement of the troops toward the frontier continued.

The Russian fleets are preparing to leave Constat, probably to gain the sea, before the arrival of the combined fleets.

Negotiations between Russia and Sweden have not yet terminated, and fears are entertained at Stockholm, that Russia, in order to give weight to her demands, will make a demonstration with its fleets against that Capital.

The Russian envoy had a private audience with the King of Sweden, on the 21st of February.

France, England and Russia, continue armaments on an immense scale.

Sir Charles Napier has been appointed to command the Baltic allied fleets.

Admiral Seymour, in command of twenty ships, is already assembled at Spithead.

The Russians are making preparations to cross the Danube, and Omar Pacha was making preparations to check them.

The Turks no longer occupy any town except Kalfat, north of the Danube.

There has been considerable fighting in small parties, whenever they come in contact, but nothing important.

Another convoy of Hevionn is preparing to leave Constantinople for Batoum.

Several British ships of mail have been ordered from Malta to Pirams, to look after the Greek insurrection.

The insurrectionists have been defeated by the Turks at Arta.

The Turkish government, in concert with England, France and Prussia, had addressed a remonstrance to the Greek court. The latter apologized and dismissed the minister of police.

In Great Britain war was quite popular, and additional estimates to the army and navy are considered moderate.

FRANCE—Napoleon opened a legislative session on the 2d.

He commenced his speech by referring to the deficient harvest, and but 7000,000 bushels wheat have been imported, and more is on the way.—Famine has been avoided, but was beginning, and France had gone to war as honor permitted, to avoid a collision, but she must now draw her sword. She has no views of aggrandizement; the days of conquests are never to return.

Europe was assured by the moderation of the Emperor Alexander and his successor Nicholas, and seemed to doubt the danger which threatened it from the colossal power, which by successive encroachments, embraced the North and the centre of Europe, and which possesses almost exclusively two internal seas, from whence it is easy for her to launch forth her fleets and armies against civilization.

The St. Petersburg Journal gives the following as the Czar's answer to Louis Napoleon's letter:

"If his Imperial Majesty extends his hands to me as I extend mine to him, I am ready to forget the mortifications I have experienced, harsh though they be; but then only can I discuss the subjects treated of in his letter, and may, perhaps, arrive at an understanding. Let the French fleet prevent the Turks from transporting reinforcements to the theatre of war, and let them send me a plenipotentiary to negotiate, whom I will receive as befits his character. The conditions made known to the conference at Vienna are the sole basis upon which I will treat."

We learn that the track of the Covington and Lexington Railroad has been much injured in the vicinity of Covington, by the recent rains.—The train that left Covington on Friday, we understand was compelled to return.—Louisville Democrat Mar 16th

Another Steamboat Disaster!

By the arrival of the steamer Europa last night, we learn that another terrible disaster has befallen a Louisville boat. The Reindeer, bound for St. Louis, about half past nine o'clock, on Monday night, after taking in coal at Canneltin, Ind., was rounding out when a flow collapsed at both ends, with a terrible crash, sweeping overboard a large number of deck passengers, fireman and deck hands.

The engineers were found dead having been blown upon the engine. The mate of the boat is missing—a number of persons who were blown into the river were picked up by the yawl of the Europa and Reindeer. The hats of passengers were seen floating about, but how many persons were drowned had not been ascertained, nor could not be in the night, and in the midst of such consternation and confusion.

Our informant says that when he went on board, the cabin was filled with the victims of the lower deck, some forty or more men and women, who were terribly scalded, several of whom died immediately. He describes the scene as one too painful to dwell upon, the cries and groans, and mingled voices of the dying victims were terrible to hear. The captain of the boat is safe, and we learn that none of the cabin passengers were seriously injured, except a negro boy of 14 years who was killed.

The boat thus crippled floated with the current until the steamer Europa enabled her officers to reach the shore.

Medical assistance was at once obtained in Canneltin, and from Hawseville, immediately opposite.

The Reindeer was damaged seriously by the explosion, but in the night as it was when the Europa left, the extent of loss of human life and of injuries to the boat had not been ascertained.

The Europa despatched physicians from Leavenworth and other points along the river to the scene of the disaster. The Reindeer had just been purchased by a St. Louis company, at a cost of \$32,000, to ply as a regular packet between St. Louis and Alton, Ill. and was at the time of this accident in the possession of her new owners.—Low Democrat Mar. 15th.

From Los Angeles

We have news from Los Angeles to the 28th January.

Yesterday morning, says the Star of Jan. 21st, about 3 o'clock, Mr. Martin Le-long was awakened by noises. As he was dressing himself some one rapped at the door, and as he opened it, six Mexicans presented their pistols at him, demanding his money and threatening instant death. After collecting his property they deemed valuable enough to take away, they each proceeded to inflict the last injury upon him, by committing a diabolical outrage upon his defenceless wife.—There was a seventh man standing off at a distance in charge of their horses.

Capt. A. W. Hope, of the Rangers, promptly mustered the entire force of his command, and was on the alert about town nearly all night.

The Star Jan. 28 says: We have an account last week of the outrage at Mr. Le-long's house.—We are able now to give the particulars of the capture and death of two of the biggest villains that have troubled our community. Senate, the murderer of Jack Wheelan, and Louis Burgos, the masked man, who has often declared himself to be the veritable and terrible Joaquin, are killed. Their bodies were brought into town on Wednesday morning, delivered to the Sheriff, and buried. We give the story as it was told us. Some of the statements are corroborated by other evidence; but the story of forced connection with the chiefs lacks confirmation.

On the Thursday evening, 10th inst., Senath and Burgos were at a fandango on the plaza, and invited four young men to a dance over the river.—The young men started, and when they reached Le-long's house, finding no dance, refused to go in, but the deceased drew pistols upon them, saying they had come to a dance of men, and that they must play their part. They then first discovered that there were seven others, all armed, behind. They entered the house under threats, when the dead commenced collecting the plunder, which being accomplished, the woman was ravished by six of them. They then came away, the young men being guarded by four men in front and five in the rear, and went to the camando Sausal, on Wilson's rancho. The same night four of the band retired to town, and three started for San Fernando, leaving the four boys with the two chiefs. The next day they came out of the camando, and proposed killing the two Americans at the rancho, but the boys objecting, the project was abandoned.

The four referred to finally killed Senath and Burgos. The death of these two villains caused universal joy to our citizens. It is believed the event has broken up the plans of a number of suspicious characters, desirous of emulating the exploits of Joaquin.

MURDER IN SCOTT COUNTY.—On Monday, Richard Thomasson, residing several miles from Geognow, shot his brother, causing immediate death. He fled, but was in a short time arrested going towards Lexington. The murderer is a man of considerable property, but held in almost universal detestation for his many bad qualities. Last summer a negro woman, provoked to desperation of his cruelty, very nearly killed him, by hitting his head and upper portion of the body with a knife.—Low Courier Mar. 15th.

President Fillmore and John P. Kennedy, leave the city this afternoon on the steamer R. J. Ward for New Orleans. She takes her departure from the upper wharf. Louisville Courier Mar. 15th.

Reception of Ex-Pres Fillmore.

The Frankfort train reached the depot at the usual hour yesterday. Ex-President Fillmore and the committee appointed to accompany him were in the cars, and were received by Mayor Speed in fitting terms, to which Mr. Fillmore responded. We were unable to hear the address of either speaker, but suffice it to say that it was all doubtless, what such occasions call forth.

The carriage in which the Ex-President and escort were seated, was drawn by four white horses; the Mayor and City Council followed next in order; then came the military companies, citizens on foot and citizens in carriages and on horseback.

The procession moved down to First, thence to Main, and down Main street to the Louisville Hotel—there the procession stopped. Mr. Fillmore made a few remarks to the immense crowd assembled. In the mean time, the multitude collected at the court house, expecting the reception to take place there, were, of course, disappointed. The address of the occasion were very appropriate.—Low Democrat Mar 15th.

A RAIN STORM.—On Tuesday, the 7th inst., the clouds commenced pouring down torrents of rain, accompanied, during the night with severe lightning and thunder. The barn of Mr. James V. Harbison, some three miles northwest from town, was struck by lightning, and, with the contents of hay, corn, oats, &c., was consumed. Loss about \$600.

The rain continued until Friday, with but little cessation—and at times coming down as hard as we ever witnessed rain fall. Clear Creek and Mulberry were higher than they have been for some twenty-five years, and great fears were entertained that all the bridges around our village would be swept off. And all the streams of this county, as well as the counties adjoining, were swollen to an extraordinary height, and fences and water gaps, &c., along their courses were carried off, much to the injury and loss of many farmers.—Selby News.

New Advertisements. House and Sign PAINTING.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having entered into a copartnership, in the Painting business, and permanently located themselves in Lebanon; would most respectfully tender their services to the citizens of Lebanon and Marion county generally. We are prepared to do House Painting, Sign Painting and Imitations of Woods, Marbles, &c., in a neat and workman-like manner, in the quickest manner possible, and upon the most reasonable terms; in a word, we will warrant our work to be done in such a style and dispatch as to please our employers. MUSSELMAN & SPALDING. Mar. 15th

NOTICE.

THE STEPSUBERS to the building of the New Presbyterian Church are hereby notified that the first payment due, by said subscribers was due on the first of last January, and is NOW DUEEDD. Immediate payment to the Treasurer, D. W. Phillips, is earnestly solicited. A. K. YOUNG. By order of the building Com. Mar. 8th

BEN. EDMONDSON JAS. A. EDMONDS

B. Edmonds & Son, Wholesale and Retail. Dealers and Manufacturers of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes and Boots. LEBANON, KY.

HAVE now on hand a large and general assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of every variety. The followers of St. Crispin can be supplied with all kinds of Findings of the best quality at a very small advance upon Louisville prices. Call and see us; it gives us pleasure to have our friends call. March 8, 1854

NOTICE.

The undersigned, will, at the May term of the Washington County Court move said Court to establish a town on the land where Pottsville is now situated, in Washington County; as shown by a survey and plat now filed in the County Clerk's Office of Washington County, and shall ask the appointment of Trustees, &c. The boundary of the town will be seen by reference to plat.

This 20th of February, 1854. WILLIAM BURNS, JOHNSON STUMPHIL, SAMUEL BURNS, WM. SPRAGGINS, WM. THURMAN, HENRY POPE, SPENCE & McHORD, J. W. POPE, JAS. BURNS, R. JONES, GEORGE CAMPBELL, M. MARTIN, WM. WORSWAW. Feb. 22, 1854.

New Fall and Winter GOODS!!!

THE Subscribers have received and opened their FALL and WINTER Stock of Staple and FANCY DRY GOODS, consisting in Ladies' Dress Goods, of all description, suitable for the Spring and Summer seasons.—Gentlemen's wear of the latest and most fashionable patterns; Domestic, Hardware and Cutlery, Queen's Ware, and a superior assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes.

Ladies' Bonnets of the latest and most improved style. Also—a general assortment of Groceries, all of which we will sell low for cash, or to purchase dealers on the usual time.

N. B. Country Produce of all kinds received in exchange for goods. Nov. 16th 53d. J. W. CHANDLER & CO.

ENVELOPES of every quality and price on hand and for sale at the Printing office

A Frenchman who promised to establish a school having heard that a high school would be more respectably introduced in a room in the garret of a fair city house.

The motion is out of order, as the chairmen of a political meeting still when he saw a ruffian raising his arm to throw a stone.

If you desire to be released from a rash promise of marriage, breathe the vows of love continually after eating onions.

The artist who is painting a landscape on a political canvas, intends to have it framed in some of the hags rolled by politicians.

The lady who is in the habit of standing on her dignity, came very near tumbling off the other day. No damage done.

The man who hoped to enable him to contain himself, was mistaken for cask of liquor, and had his head stove in recently at Bunker.

Why are good resolutions like fainting fits? They want carrying out.

He difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a friend worth dying for.

There are two things that modest men should never undertake—to borrow money and study law.

Was there ever a son who looked for five minutes at his dead father without thinking of the still sadder wife?

Mrs. John Smith says, I had no idea how smart we women were, nor how delicately we could speak, till I heard my dear sisters on the public rostrum at Tropicus Hill last week.

Sax, in one of his poems, calls a 'soap man' by the name of Phœnix, because he rose from his ashes.

How to see the teeth of a beautiful young lady: praise a rival before her face, and you may depend upon it, she will show her teeth.

A person should not be expected to take off his glove preparatory to shaking hands with another, any more than to take off his boot when about to kick a man.

"Dear Charles what can be the matter with that poor being? did you see him fall?" "A fit of some kind, my love." "Old gent., assisting the fallen lord of creation, and rather plain spoken, grunts forth, 'I think it's a tight fit, madam, judging from the quantity of liquor in him.'"

When you visit a theatre, or go into a crowd, always pick your own pocket before you leave home.

The keeper of a museum, exhibiting a skull as that of Oliver Cromwell, concerning which a lady observed that she could not have expected Cromwell's skull to have been so small, the learned exhibitor replied that it was Oliver's skull when he was a boy.

A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated, said: "What drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again!" No, massa, replied Sam, "same drunk"—same drunk massa!"

An Irishman remarked that a true gentleman will never look at the faults of a pretty woman, without shutting his eyes.

They have gold halves and quarters of dollars in California. The quarters can be seen with a microscope.

We once heard a Vermont express his opinion of a person in the following style of classic—"I could take," said he, "the little end of nothing and whistle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse hair, and put in forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and they'd rattle!"—New York Atlas.

SLAVERY.—"She has destroyed my hopes forever!" exclaimed an infatuated gentleman. "How?" inquired his friend, sympathetically. "By realizing them," rejoined the happy one.

When you hear of a girl earnestly talking about whiskers, mustaches, and the set of a man's vest, put it down that her heart has begun to yearn towards corduroy and joys of matrimony.

The tooth ache may be cured by holding in the right hand a certain root—the root of the tooth.

If you don't want to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember, the duller the razor the more you cut yourself.

A Connecticut dame, the mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children. "Six, ma!" she replied, rocking herself to and fro, "I've got fourteen—mostly boys and girls."

A newly married man declares that if he had an inch more of happiness than he has, he could not live. His wife and his sister are obliged to roll him on the floor and put with a single every day, to prevent him from being too happy.

New York. In the New York Independent we find the following from a mother: But did I tell you what a time I had with my little boy?

"No, what was it?"

"Why, I was showing the picture of the man who was thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to tell him what a terrible thing it was. 'Ma!' said he, all at once, 'Oh, ma! just look at that poor little lion, was behind there, he won't get any!'"

Northern New York Live Stock Ins. Co.
OF PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK.
Capital—\$50,000.
Incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York, July, 1851.
Horses, Cattle, and all kinds of Live Stock, insured against Death, by the combined risks of Fire, Water, Diseases, &c.
Stock transported by Water, Railroad, or driven on foot to market, insured at fair rates.
The subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above reliable and perfectly solvent Company, is prepared to issue Policies at as low rates of premium on any responsible Company in the United States.
He respectfully invites the attention of Live-Stock Keepers, Cabinetmen, Farmers, and all others interested.
R. S. PETERS, Agent.
Lebanon, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1852.

LEBANON HOTEL.
J. H. KIRK, PROPRIETOR.
WOULD Respectfully announce to the Traveling Public, that he has just finished in a fine manner his Tavern Stand in Lebanon, where he will at all times be happy to entertain his friends and the public generally, and will spare no pains to make them comfortable when they put up with him. His table is always supplied with the best the market can afford. His bar contains the best of Liquors, Cigars, &c., and his stable with the best providers, and attentive groomers.
Buggies and horses always on hand to hire by the day or week. Horses kept by the day, week, or month, at very reasonable rates.
Fine Horses for sale at all times.
May 5, if J. H. KIRK.

PROSPECTUS OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.
NEAR LEBANON, MARION CO., KY.
This Literary Institution, founded in 1851, by the late Rev. WILLIAM BYRNE, and subsequently conducted for many years by the Jesuits, is now under the superintendence of the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville, who will always take means to provide a suitable Faculty for carrying it on with a view to promote the greatest public good. Under the auspices of its previous conductors, the Institution has been instrumental in widely diffusing the blessings of a religious education throughout Kentucky and the adjoining States. The steadiness of its patronage has been a constant evidence of the public approval. The beauty and salubrity of the situation, as well as the spaciousness and commodiousness of the College buildings, are generally known. It will be the constant aim of the Faculty to adopt, so far as practicable, the plan which it was so well and so usefully conducted by its enlightened and benevolent Founder.

TERMS PER SESSION.
[INvariably in Advance.]
Board, including Washing, Mending, Shirts and Socks after washing, Fuel and Lights, together with Tuition in Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography and Arithmetic, \$42 00
Board, &c., (as above,) with Tuition in Algebra, Geometry, Surveying, Book-keeping, History, Rhetoric and Botany, or either of these branches, 47 00
Board, &c., (as above,) with Tuition in the Classics, Higher Mathematics and Philosophy, or either of them, 50 00
Tuition in French, (Extra), 5 00
Bed and Bedding, when furnished, 3 00
Stationary, (Pens, Ink and Paper,) when furnished, 2 50
Physician's Fee and Medicines, per Session, 1 50
Books, and other necessary articles are furnished by the Agent of the College, at current retail prices.
For those who remain at the College during the vacations, there will be an additional charge for Board of 10 00
Music, per session, 10 00

Scott's Weekly Paper.
The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1854) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated Legends of the American Revolution published for fifty-six consecutive weeks in the Saturday Courier, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novellettes, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison H. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of Home Pictures, Patience Worthington and her Grandmother, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lillie Libere, Grace Greene, &c., and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.
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Lebanon, May 5.

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The Edinburgh Review (Whig).
The North British Review (Free Church).
The Westminster Review (Liberal), and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).
Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons," "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

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May 12, 1852, if

1853
ELEVENTH YEAR OF THE
LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER.
Acknowledged by general consent to be the Largest, Best and Cheapest Newspaper in the West.
In issuing the Eleventh Prospectus of the Louisville Weekly Courier, we have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Wm. D. Gallagher, Esq., has purchased an interest in the establishment, and he will hereafter be associated with us in its management. Mr. Gallagher is widely known as an able political and literary writer and a gentleman of cultivated taste, and being thoroughly Western in his education, habits and associations, and conversant with our Railroad and Manufacturing interests, we flatter ourselves that he will add largely to the value and interest of the Courier, and render it still more acceptable to its thousands of readers in every section of the great Mississippi Valley.
The Louisville Weekly Courier, Edited and Published by
W. D. GALLAGHER & W. N. HALDEMAN.
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As a Literary Paper, we intend that it shall hereafter occupy much higher ground than heretofore. The Tales and Novellettes we publish will alone be worth ten times the price of the paper.
The Miscellaneous and Agricultural Departments will meet with all necessary attention. They will be both full and useful.
In Politics, the Courier will continue firmly Whig; but while advocating Whig measures and Whig principles, we do not intend to do so to the exclusion of our usual variety. Our readers may rest assured that they will not be snarled with politics through our columns.
Early in January we will commence the publication of the Original Stories:
The Martyr of the Heart, by Miss MATTIE GREFFITH; The Little Cripple and his Foster Mother, by ALICE STANLEY.
A lady of Kentucky, whose literary productions have been greatly admired.
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